A

DAY's JOURNEY,

FROM

The Vale of *Eveſham* to *Oxford*:

In a familiar

EPISTLE,

TO

N. GRIFFITH, Eſq;

To which are added Two

TOWN-EGLOGUES.

By Mr. *BRERETON.*

To come Home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms.

Lord *Bacon.*

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A

DAY's JOURNEY:

In a familiar

EPISTLE,

SINCE woolly *Cotſwold* is no more in view,
And we from *E'ſham*'s golden Vale withdrew;
You, *Griffith*! there, where *Offa*'s Bound'ry lay,
And *Alleyn* cuts thro' *Rhual* Meads his Way;
To *Iſis*' Border I, the ancient Seat,
Which *Alfred* fix'd for Learning a Retreat:

Reſolv'd to ſcribble, the Deſign I've choſe
Is that dull Day, when I your Sight did loſe.
But, for my Pen ſhall with uneven Pace
Or Paſſage quaint, or grave Reflection trace,
The very Oddneſs may your Fancy joy;
(So Hills and Vallies mix'd, delight our Eye)
While you behold me Toys with Pain ſurmount,
The petty *Quixot* of my own Account.
Hors'd and from *Marſton* turn'd, to Spleen a Prey,
Scarce ſleeping, ſcarce awake I took my Way.
'Till ſoon the Jolting of a Hackney Jade
Work'd up my Soul, and gave its phyſick Aid:
And ſighing I began to ponder o'er
All which occur'd the two ſhort Days before;
But found 'em paſs not with that Reliſh quite,
As I had told my longing Heart they might.
Like a faint Dream they ſeem'd imperfect fled;
Of this, and that, and t'other much unſaid:
And ſcarcely cou'd I hold to curſe the Sloth,
And eaſy taſteleſs Indolence of both.

Brim

Brimful of Fancies ſuch as theſe, at laſt
With moving Lips by *Mickleton* I paſt;
Nor warm with Thought, obſerv'd a Ruſtick Croud,
But mutter'd on, and often talk'd aloud.
Some gaping ſtar'd, as if I meant to mock;
Others more frankly anſwer'd--- "Ten a Clock:
While their true Kindred Curs around me preſs'd,
As they conceiv'd my Speech to them addreſs'd,
And on *Roſ'nante's* Heels their Welcome ſpent;
Who with a Kick return'd the Compliment.
At this more cautiouſly I jogg'd along,
Spur'd on my Steed, and bridl'd in my Tongue:
Content to ſmart in Body and in Mind,
'Till I had left the Place and all behind.
Cambden appears, where ſcorning to be told,
And in my Knowledge of the Country bold,
Strait thro' the Town at whipping Rate I ride,
And as old Stagers wont, ne'er look aſide.
'Till paſs'd about a Mile, too late I find
The Way too circling to the Right inclin'd;

Then asking, heard with equal Grief and Shame,
My Courſe preſumptious I directly frame
Thither, from whence the Vale deriv'd its Name.

Thus 'tis in Life; (itſelf a Journey too)
Where tho' the Moſt a ſev'ral Path purſue,
For want of Council or a skilful Guide,
Alike All wander from their Purpoſe wide.
While Some who bear a wayward Heart along,
Like *Sweden*'s frentick King, perverſely wrong
Plunge deſp'rate on, by no Preſages croſt;
'Till in Fate's Bogs, or trackleſs Deſarts loſt.
Which Others pond'ring, and for fear of Night,
At *Utrecht*-Peace, like the next Inn, alight;
More cautious found, but not more wiſe than they,
And ſo carouze and fuddle out their Day.

Howe'er for me, whoſe Patience ſtood the Strife,
Leſs heady too in Riding than in Life,
I turn'd my Nag; and courſing it amain,
Now to the Town, now with a vary'd Rein,
Then circling backwards, then as ſoon disjoin'd;
(So hard the Maze of Error to unwind!) Long

Long wand'ring here and there in anxious Pain,
At length I reach'd the *Oxford* Road again.
Where all my heavy Toil to counterpoize,
Soon *Ruſhart*'s Seat ſalutes my raviſh'd Eyes:
Whoſe Situation, Bulk, and eaſy Make,
Tempt me to Wiſhes which I need not ſpeak.
From hence thro' many a Gate, o'er many a Ground,
And croſſing many a Lane, my Road I found
To the fam'd *Stone*, ſome *Philomath*'s Deſign!
In which arrang'd four Counties friendly join.
And ſtrait advancing thence without Delay,
Nor meeting ought to interrupt my Way;
Soon I approach'd (who does not know its Name?)
A lofty Monument of nobler Fame:
Where *Rollo* King of ancient *Danes* was crown'd,
His Captains plac'd on ſubject Seats around;
By whoſe free Voice alone the Pow'r he gain'd,
Hereditary Right as yet unfeign'd.
But O fond Croud! how eaſy to deceive!
Hicks cannot feign what thou can'ſt not believe.

Fair even Truth thou run'ſt regardleſs o'er;
The groſſer is the Fact, it wins the more:
To pleaſure thee, no matter what they mean,
Dev'l or Enchantment ſtill muſt grace the Scene.
This Tale too artleſs vulgar Minds to move,
Who what they comprehend can ne'er approve;
In theſe half Score of Relicks you are ſhown
A King and Army both transform'd to Stone:
On which Conceit their Fancies here they feed,
And moſt believe as firmly as their Creed.

So let 'em dream; while I deſcend the Height,
And leaving all the *Nortons* on my Right,
Ride 'till upon the Left, in Bloom of Years,
Heyford, the Houſe of *Shrewsb'ry*'s Duke, appears.
Whoſe nat'ral Grove does, with that juſt Deſign
And gentle Slope, adown the Hill decline;
As ſhews weak Art, howe'er methodick held,
In its own Way by Nature oft' excell'd.

And here the Fields with Haymakers were ſpread,
Than whom none earn more pleaſantly their Bread.

Lads

Lads in their Shirts, and Laſſes in their Stays;
Whiſtling and Singing ſtill, in wanton Maze
From Morn to Noon they turn the fragrant Green;
Nor wants the Kiſs or Ruſſet-Gown between.
Then all beneath ſome ſhady Bank they ſit,
Where on cheap Viands, mix'd with homely Wit,
They feed contented, and forget their Pain;
Refreſh'd upriſing to their Work again.
So with glad Heart and innocent Delight,
Jocund bring Home their *Shilling* each at Night.

How rich are theſe in Poverty! how bleſt!
Unus'd to better Life than that poſſeſt:
When Birth nor Breeding to high Proſpect bind;
But whoſe low State is ſuited to their Mind.
The Curſe of Want conſiſts in this alone;
That having once another Fortune known,
When from our Height we fall, Diſgrace attends,
Mock'd by our Foes, and cenſur'd by our Friends.

Not far from hence, within a Dale is found
Enſtone, that once its Water-Works renown'd:

Which

Which now decay'd, and much ſurpaſs'd by new,
None but in ſportful Vein alight to view;
When ſome ſpruce Fop, by witey *Dwarf* diſtreſt,
Wet to the Skin, breeds Laughter for the reſt.

But what to me this Village moſt indears,
Is pleas'd Remembrance of my greener Years:
When having long mix'd with a thoughtleſs Crew,
Which firſt at *Oxford* my full Pocket drew;
Loſt in a Life too frivolous and vain,
Here I retir'd to find myſelf again.
A Brook beneath does o'er the Pebbles glide;
By whoſe thick-ſhaded, lone, and vocal Side
Oft' I have walk'd, oft' ſate; and worn the Day,
And half the Night, in various Thoughts away.
Some, that already have the Critick brav'd,
And more, in *Embrio* yet, were there conceiv'd:
Which whether they to finiſh'd Life may ſwell,
Or die Abortive in too cold a Cell,
God and a Length of Years can only tell!

The

The Place howe'er has ſtill a Charm to pleaſe,
And ſtill its View does lov'd Ideas raiſe:
Nor could I ſo regard th' approaching Night,
But joyful I reſolv'd a while to light.
And now advancing nigh in this Conceit,
I hand my Rein more cloſe, and fix my Seat;
Adjuſt my Cravat, and my Wig remind;
One Bob before, and t'other toſs'd behind:
I ſmooth my Lips my Female Friends to greet;
And Palfrey wak'd to Stable finds his Feet.

Here *Griffith*! You could doubtleſs hope Releaſe,
Condemn'd ſo long my tardy Steps to trace.
While I a new poetick Field explore,
Trod (to my Knowledge) by no Muſe before;
But his, who with leſs Poetry than Wit,
His merry Journey to *Brindiſi* writ.
Yet as in Travel is no greater Pain
Than warm to bate, and ſtiffen'd mount again;
You now ſhall e'en have Patience to the laſt,
The more extended Stage already paſt.

Soon

Soon the Chit-chat, on ſuch Occaſions thought
So neceſſary, ceas'd; when Table brought,
On cold Sirloin a hearty Meal I made,
And ſome few moderate Healths my Thirſt allay'd.
Then (ſuch is Man while Melancholy reigns)
My Eyes ſelf-cloſe, my Head to Slumber leans;
At which or piqu'd, or cautious to preſume,
My Friends all decently forſook the Room:
And parting, ſoftly to each other ſaid,
" He ſtays to Night---- Shall *Nancy* make the Bed?
But juſt as Holland Sheets were fetch'd to air,
And neatly plac'd on Back of Elbow-Chair;
At once upſtarting with a ſuddain Sprawl,
Stretching and gaping thrice, *To Horſe* I call:
Which brought, I farther Ceremony wave,
And tarry ſcarce to take a civil Leave.

Purſuing hence my Way, it chanc'd I met
A Sheep-Boy piping on a Flagelet:
On Common wild, or by bleak Mountain' Side,
Some homely Wretch ſometimes is thus employ'd:

But

But ne'er, as *Syracuſe* or *Rome* of old,
We Nobles tending their own Flocks behold.
Whence *Engliſh* Paſtorals to me appear,
As would *Hoop-Petticoat* to *Roman* Ear:
And *Windſor* Shepherds equal Mirth afford
With *Grecian Æſop*, in lac'd Hat and Sword.
Thus as I critically take my Way,
Spight of his Faults, approving *Gentle Gay*;
Who leaving Crook and Oaten Pipe aſide,
His Swains with *Britiſh* Equipage ſupply'd;
A nobler Subject turns my Thought away,
While *Blenheim* now at Diſtance I ſurvey:
A ſtanding Monument, unfiniſh'd ſtill,
Of National Inconſtancy of Will.
Yet ſuch thou, Glory! art; whoſe riſing Sun
All to ſalute with *Perſian* Homage run:
But when thou doſt to thy *Meridian* ſoar,
They curſe thy Heat, that bleſs'd thy Warmth before.
I yet had only a faint Proſpect got;
So ſtill proceeding on an eaſy Trot,

Full

Full in the Front, I curious made a Stand,
And Glove demurely drawing from my Hand,
(While with looſe Rein my Hackney cropt the Graſs)
From Caſe and Pocket I produc'd my Glaſs:
Not ſuch as ſelf-inamour'd Sparks amuſe,
But the Purblind to aid dim Opticks uſe.
And while with this I took a clearer View,
Not leſs myſelf the Peaſant's Notice drew:
Nothing to them could furniſh more Surprize;
Who, good or bad, ſtill ſee with their own Eyes.
One leaning on his Plow admiring ſtopt,
Her Pail from out her Hand another dropt:
No Claſh of Whip was heard, no Sheepfold pent,
While All on me their comick Gueſſes ſpent.
Mean Time my mettl'd Nag, whoſe jadiſh Pride
E'er while alike both Whip and Spur defy'd,
Startl'd by tim'rous Hare, that from the Brake
Its Paſſage chanc'd acroſs the Road to take,

Dire Omen! bounding ſcours at once away;
Nor will the ſcarce recover'd Rein obey,
'Till *Woodſtock* does at length his Fury ſtay.

There is a Paſs to wild *Oxonians* known
Oft' to their Coſt; when tipſy and alone,
By Dint of Blows with Yeoman they diſpute;
Who thus would *Ariſtotle*-ſelf confute.
In that faſt ent'ring, I return'd as faſt;
With-held, 'till many a loaded Pack-Horſe paſt:
Then mending Pace for fear of farther Stay,
What thro' ill Mood, and what th' uneven Way,
Down came my Steed; and with him headlong I,
Fell-Hero like, the Hollow biting lie:
While of two Crowns one, from my Pocket toſs'd,
Was in the Fall amongſt the Pebbles loſt.

Howe'er, remounting with what haſte I cou'd,
I left the Town, beſmear'd with Duſt and Mud;
But tir'd and griev'd, nor prone to vulgar Faith,
The Proverb mock'd, and pac'd o'er *Camfield* Heath.

Yet Night deſcending, with it brought the Train
Of Bugbear Fears, that lodge in ſickly Brain.
My Nurſe came uppermoſt; a Goſſip ſhe,
Who once a Moon did Ghoſt or Goblin ſee:
Each Buſh, each Shadow look'd with dire Grimace,
And ev'ry Gloworm wore a ſolemn Face.

Strange Couz'nage this! that fanciful Mankind
Should Cauſe of Care in ſuch Deluſion find:
And when no real Griefs their Peace deſtroy,
With Plantoms of their own create Annoy.
Yet ſo romantick Nature moulds our Will,
That more or leſs it feeds the Sickneſs ſtill:
And while our Reaſon ſhews the Cheat moſt clear,
Ev'en then we tremble and look pale for fear.

Long time this pannick Agony remain'd,
'Till now the Skirts of *Wolvercot* were gain'd:
When all at once my Palfrey mended Way,
And ſnuffing his known Grounds began to neigh.
Which, anſwer'd by the Doctor Voice of *Tom*,
Who that ſame Moment toll'd the *Freſhmen* Home,

Diſpell'd the Vapours prevalent before,
And I expect nor Spright nor Ruffian more;
But ſoon the Labour of the Day compleat,
And laughing at myſelf reach *Braze-Noſe* Gate.
Here ends my tedious Tale, nor ſhall I ſtill
Plead lame Excuſes, that were quite as ill:
Leſt I become more talkative and vain,
Than *Jewiſh Joſeph*, or than *French Montaigne*;
While I have far leſs Privilege, you'll ſay,
As the World rates it, to aſſume than they.
For what! the firſt (believe him all that can)
In his own Country was a Leading-man:
At *Rome*, as *Hugonot* with us you ſee,
Penſion'd for Songs of---- " Whilom who but we?
This, as he too has well appriz'd his Age,
Serv'd Mayor of *Bordeaux*, and had kept a Page:
Bleſs'd with an Income, which is not my Share,
Of full Six Thouſand ſounding *Livres* there;
At leaſt Four Hundred *Engliſh* Pounds a Year.

Dispell'd the Vapours prevalent before,
And I expect not Sprights nor Ruffian more;
But soon the Labour of the Day compleat,
And Jingling as myself teach Prose to Cate.
Here ends my recitations Tale, nor shall I fill
Dead Land Rambles, that were quite as ill:
I tell a become more talkative and vain,
Than Jews, Gipsies, or than French Mountebanks,
While I have far'ther Privilege, you'll say,
As the World rates it, to admire than they.
For what! the rich (believe him all that can)
In his own Country was a Leading-man:
At Rome, as Pilgrims with us you see,
Pension'd for Songs of—" Whilom who but we?
This, as he too has well appriz'd his Age,
Serv'd Mayor of Bordeaux, and had kept a Page:
Bless'd with an Income, which is not my Share,
Of full-six Thousand sounding Livres there:
At least Four Hundred Eighty Pounds a Year.

TWO
TOWN-EGLOGUES:

In Allusion to the

Ninth and Part of the Second

OF

FONTENELLE.

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FONTENELLE.

POOR *SUKY.*

EGLOGUE I.

ONE Ev'ning fair, fast by the *Bird-Cage* Side,
Sir *John*, in melting Phrase, Miss *Suky* ply'd.
She lov'd in secret; and the naughty Knight
Archly complain'd of some pretended Slight.
Rest you content, the Coquet Madam says,
What comes from you has still a Pow'r to please:
I passionately like the Airs you sing;
I like to wear the Lace and Knots you bring:
And when my Name grav'd on some Glass I view,
Oh, how I joy to find 'twas done by you!

Weigh then the Favour you already prove;
But never prethee let us think of Love.

I willingly conſent to live your Friend,
With Warmth as true as Lover can pretend.
Together will we ſip our Morning-Tea;
And you at Night ſhall hand me to the Play.
Whene'er from *White*'s you ſend me Word you'll come,
To my She-Viſitants I'm not at Home.
All other Cares our Friendſhip ſhall remove;
But oh, 'tis dangerous! never talk of Love.

Heav'n! ſaid Sir *John*, the mighty Favour this!
Your ſmooth Diſcourſe gives Hope of little Bliſs;
Whilſt but with gen'ral Smiles you crown my Flame,
And my each Rival does partake the ſame.
Too well I know your complaiſant Deſire;
They ſhall enjoy that Sweetneſs I admire,
Thoſe lively Glances, and thoſe eaſy Smiles;
Whoſe daily Influence Thouſand Hearts beguiles.
Ah! rather let me..... Let me die, ſaid ſhe,
But I could beat you now to ſome Degree!

I tell you, no; in you alone I pride,
Nor do I dreſs for any Man beſide.
Thoſe Charms, thoſe Graces which you blindly view
In my whole Manner, I reſerve for you:
All Suitors elſe I'll uſe with Scorn extreme,
Nor hear their Verſe, tho' *Suky* be the Theme.
Yourſelf ſhall witneſs the hard Fate they prove;
But never, never let us think of Love.
Well, he reply'd, I ſhall for all my Pain
Some weak Advantage o'er my Rivals gain.
You know my Heart leſs fickle than the reſt,
More firmly yours; and therefore uſe me beſt.
'Tis wiſely done; but in good Earneſt ſay,
You'll find a Thouſand Joys when I'm away?
No kind Impatience ſhall for me be ſhown,
And you can loſe the ling'ring Days alone.
I fear me much, ſhe cry'd, my peeviſh Friend!
You know me not, or knowing do pretend:
So ſoon, alas! I have not learnt to part
With One, whoſe Image lies ſo near my Heart.

'Twas laſt Vacation you from hence retir'd;
And ſtrait the Town my alter'd Look admir'd.
Pert Lady *Di* endeavour'd to expoſe
The latent Cauſe, 'midſt a full Room of Beaux.
Oh, how the Creature made my Colour mount!
But you, Sir *John!* have heard the whole Account.
Then did my Heart the Pangs of Abſence prove;
But oh, 'tis dang'rous! never think of Love.

How could ſhe more unriddle what ſhe meant?
Paſs the Word *Love*, Miſs *Suky* was content.
Not ſo the Knight; who long'd to have it full:
Without the Word, the Thing itſelf was dull.
This Word to gain, on which ſhe ſtood ſo nice,
He now bethought him of a ſmall Device.
I muſt obey, your Quiet to reſtore,
Sighing he ſaid, and mention Love no more:
Since all beyond meer Friendſhip you diſclaim,
To ſtricteſt Friendſhip I reduce my Flame.
But Lady *Di*, yourſelf ſhall witneſs be,
Were I her Lover, could to that agree:

Full oft' her Eyes have told me, " *Suky* leave;
" And I your Vows indulgent will receive.
But my fond Heart diſdainful heard the News;
I lov'd my *Suky* then, as Lovers uſe.

Now that this Love no longer you can bear,
Her's it ſhall be; this dang'rous frightful Care:

All my calm Friendſhip you alone ſhall prove;
But Lady *Di*, at leaſt, I mean to love.

Thus having ſpoke he paus'd, and waited long
Her laſt Reply; but faintly mov'd her Tongue:
To hide her Bluſhes, the diſtracted Maid
The Fan's whole Exerciſe in vain eſſay'd.
Wildly ſhe glanc'd along the Walks her Eye:
And oh, what Charms the Knight could then deſcry!
Sir *John!* ſhe ſaid, (and ſpeaking turn'd aſide)
'Twere better far in Friendſhip to abide:
But ſince your Heart will lawleſs have it ſo,
And who's no Lover muſt your Love forego,
I yield——: All Thought of Lady *Di* remove,
And thy *poor Suky*, that beſt loves thee, love!

THE

The *CRISIS.*

EGLOGUE II.

THREE Weeks, three melancholy Weeks (had paſt,
Since *Worthy* ſaw the Widow-Counteſs laſt.
Their Men, ſo wont to loiter in a Croud,
Or met reſerv'dly, or at diſtance bow'd:
While the grave Spark did, with dejected Air,
To *Gravel-Pits* or *Kenſington* repair.
Well-pleas'd ſhe ſeem'd, gallanted up and down
By all the pert dull Fellows of the Town:
But 'twas meer Feint; and her falſe rebel Heart
Sigh'd inward at the killing Thought---*To part.*
Now mark the rigid Conduct of the Dame!
Worthy had been in ſome looſe Air to blame:

And

And she in Heat her Presence him exil'd;
Had she told Twenty, she had been more mild.
One *Sunday* Night, when tolerably dark,
The Coaches were returning from *Hide-Park*;
And the *Fine World*, all jocular and gay,
Scan'd various each Occurrence of the Day;
My Lady, who with Sister *Pen* was there,
Saw him behind, and full of lonesome Care.
Soon as her Coach did in fit Straight arrive,
She gave the Check, and *John* forbore to drive:
With Pain the few remaining Chariots past,
And *Worthy*'s slowly mov'd along the last.
Not Gamester lurch'd, nor Statesman in Disgrace,
Wears a more sad and disappointed Face:
Loose was his Cravat ty'd, his Wig misplac'd;
As if his Cloaths were huddl'd on in haste.
The Dame was touch'd; and soon as he drew near,
Rais'd a forc'd Laugh, on purpose he might hear.
He look'd, and strait the Salutation gave;
Which she, tho' frowning, graceful did receive.

What

What ſaid he not? The Queens of *Drury-Lane*
Were ne'er accoſted in ſo ſoft a Strain:
Manley, that knows the Depths of Love ſo well,
Did never yet a ſofter Story tell.
Now he condemn'd the Boldneſs he had ſhown,
And Pardon pleaded in a ſuppliant Tone:
Now more ſubmiſſive, told her that he thought
The Sentence too ſevere for ſuch a Fau't.
What Cares, what Pangs were weather'd for her Sake,
E'er he preſum'd this Liberty to take?
Some Lovers had he known, of many read,
Who leſs deſerv'd, and yet had better ſped.
At laſt again he fell to repreſent,
That ſince he lov'd her, he was too content:
And would, howe'er untractable her Will,
With Fire unquench'd inceſſant love her ſtill:
Yet ſwears, her future Quiet to ſecure,
That pureſt Friendſhip ſhould not be more pure:
With Eyes and Geſture to confirm it ſtrove,
Thro' Love renouncing all the Joys of Love.

But in that Inſtant, while with utmoſt Care,
He ſought his former Rudeneſs to repair;
'Midſt all his Oaths to reoffend no more,
He felt a Tranſport ardent as before;
And, drawn by Looks which ſeem'd inclin'd to Bliſs,
Far-leaning, ſqueez'd her Hand, and ſtole a Kiſs.
'Tis ſaid the *Wit*, when firſt forbid her Sight,
Bore her Reſentment for a Cauſe more ſlight:
Yet ſhe, ſhe knew not how, averſe to Strife,
On this new Crime became next Week his Wife.

Juſt publiſh'd,

The LEEK: A Narratory Poem, upon the Action between the ancient *Engliſh* and *Welſh*, which gave Riſe to the Anniverſary of St. *David*; with an Allegory throughout alluding to the late *Rebellion*. By N. GRIFFITH, Eſq; Printed for W. HINCHLIFFE, at *Dryden*'s-*Head* under the *Royal Exchange*.